

The Pudgy Pyramid Scheme

The diner was just as active as ever as Brent waited for his usual company to arrive. Leaning back in his seat, he had to be careful not to mess up the white dress shirt he was still wearing from work. Even if he was no longer at the office, he still found it necessary to fix up his head of short brown hair and his favorite black neck tie. A moment after he attempted to check his appearance in the reflection of a napkin holder, he shook his head. Resting back in his seat, he reminded himself that his friend was far from judgmental when it came to appearances.

Right on cue, Shane made his way into the diner with his head of shaggy, blonde hair acting as a beacon for Brent. The messy appearance matched the wrinkly shirt and torn jeans he was currently wearing. Stumbling his way towards the booth, he reached a hand out towards his better dressed companion. Swayed by the always present, friendly smile of the slacker, Brent replied by accepting the handshake before sitting back down.

“Sorry if I was a little late for our lunch,” Shane explained as he took his seat. “Didn’t roll out of bed until noon.”

“That’s not out of the ordinary for you,” Brent commented. “Although, you’ll still have to get used to waking up early if you want to hold a job for longer than a few weeks.”

“They just didn’t understand my vision, man,” Shane replied with a friendly grin. “They don’t appreciate the value of taking things easy, you know?”

“Right, right,” Brent said, waving off his friend’s mantra. “Anyway, I think I managed to get a lead on another job for you. It’s not the most glamorous, but it’s something stable that shouldn’t be too concerned about past experience.”

“Thanks man, but I already got a new job,” Shane replied, the expression of shock on his friend’s face making his smile go wider.

“I don’t believe you,” Brent said.

“No, it’s real. I promise. You know that job site you had me set up a profile for?” Shane asked, receiving a nod in reply. “Well, it wasn’t doing much for me, so I made some adjustments. I got rid of all of those lame photos of me in suits and posted some pictures of me skateboarding. Even snuck a few shirtless ones in for any ladies.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t get banned.”

“Well... I did eventually, but before then someone managed to contact me about an opening in their company. It’s called Gluttech.”

“I’ve heard that name somewhere before,” Brent said. “There were a couple of girls at the office that were talking about the unsavory rumors about them. What kind of job is it?”

With a smirk, Shane reached into his pocket and pulled out a little spice bottle. Inside of the small container was a mixture of black and white sprinkles. No matter how much Shane shook it, the mixture always remained in the same pattern. The strange nature of the container stretched to the mysterious, black and white eye printed alongside the side with Gluttech’s branding.

“This stuff is killer on food,” Shane explained. “It makes anything it touches taste like ten times better. It’s going to make selling the cases they sent me a cinch.”

“Cases?” Brent asked. “As in more than one?”

“Yeah, that’s how I’m to make a butt load of money. At least that’s what the manager dude said.”

Brent shook his head. “Shane, this is nothing more than a pyramid scheme. You should quit while you have the chance.”

Shane's eager expression faltered. "Come on, man. You can at least try to act happy for me. This might be my chance to finally get ahead in life. No more working graveyard shifts or cleaning toilets. Gluttech is my ticket to the big times."

"Shane I..."

The look in his friend's eyes made Brent hesitate. "Alright," he said, sitting back in his seat. "Just be careful, okay?"

"You know that's not my style," Shane replied, easing the mood a bit with his smile just as the waitress came to take their order.

"I'll have the pancakes," Brent said.

"Same here," Shane added.

"Alright darlings, I'll be right back with-"

"Oh and two servings of eggs and bacon. Also, can I go ahead and put in an order for apple pie now?"

"Uh, sure hun," the waitress replied, scratching down on her pad. "Just make sure your eyes aren't bigger than your stomach," she commented before walking away.

"What was that about?" Brent asked.

"It's what my supervisor told me to do," Shane replied, getting his bottle of spice ready for the upcoming meal. "Said it would be a lot easier to sell if I really know how to enjoy food. Um, you're still okay with covering the bill, right? I haven't gotten my first paycheck yet."

The concern on Brent's face only lasted for a moment. "Sure, I've got this," he said, trying to keep up his friend's good mood. "Let's call it my treat for you finally getting the job you wanted."

"That's what I'm talking about," Shane replied, clinking his glass against Brent's.

One week later, Brent got settled in the usual spot at the diner once more. The rush he had gone through to make it to the eatery after work proved to be unneeded once he remembered who he was dealing with. Sure enough, when the appointed time came by, Shane was nowhere to be found. Rather than be angry, Brent was instead worried that his friend's usual, laid back attitude had led to him already getting fired.

Just as Brent was wondering if the opening he had brought up prior was still available, that was when Shane arrived. Looking over the mug of his cup of coffee and seeing the friendly face, he tried to return the greeting. However, his smile faltered a bit as he noticed the extra bit of chub around Shane's cheeks. While he was still wearing his typical attire, it was a bit worse for wear thanks to the added fat that had developed along his mid-section. As Brent continued to let his eyes linger on the pockets of pudge spread across his once skinny friend, he was left in a confused daze up until Shane sat down across from him.

"Dude, are you feeling alright?" Shane asked.

"Yeah, yeah, it's nothing," Brent replied. "Don't worry about me. This entire thing is to celebrate your first week at work. How has it been going so far?"

"It's been awesome," Shane eagerly answered. "My super amazing boss says that I'm the best salesperson he's ever seen. Something about how my personality is perfect for selling Gluttech's products."

Brent let out a slight laugh. "Well, it's good to hear that he knows how to rev up his new employees. Just don't be too heartbroken when you miss your quota."

“Um... okay. But I already blew way past that.”

“Really?” Brent asked, receiving a smug grin in response. “How much of that spice stuff did you sell?”

“I dunno man, I lost count,” Shane said. “I know I’m not the best at math, but I can tell it was a pretty big deal considering how they were treating me when I got back to the office. They were so happy that they doubled my order and even gave me a few cases just for me to sample. Oh, that reminds me.”

Waving around his arm, Shane managed to grab the attention of a waitress. “Hey, can I get a burger, some fries, two milkshakes, a grilled cheese, and one, no, two pies?”

Pausing for a moment to share a look of disbelief with Brent, the waitress wrote down the sizable order before shuffling off. The reaction did little to dissuade Shane as he pulled out a bottle of his special spice and placed it on the table. “Man, I can’t wait,” he said, unashamedly rubbing his chubby gut. “I’ve been starving ever since lunch.”

“Have you been eating like this for every meal?” Brent asked.

“Yeah, dude. It’s the boss’s orders,” he replied. “Besides, everything has been tasting super good ever since I started using this spice. You want to try some?”

“Er, no thank you,” Brent politely declined after seeing his friend’s belly peek out from beneath his shirt.

“Come on man, you have to at least try it. You said you were buying, so let me at least add a little something extra.”

“It’s fine, really,” Brent said, casting a wary eye to the bottle. “I think I’m just fine with the way the food already is.”

“Suit yourself,” Shane said, eagerly dousing his first serving of food as it was placed on the table.

Brent’s earlier concerns only grew as he watched Shane go to town on his meal. Shane had never been a clean eater, but the way he was shoveling the food into his gullet made it seem like he was on the brink of starvation. The ravenous bites resulted in more than a few splatters hitting the table and besmirching the blonde haired man’s clothing. Through all of this, the only respite the food got from the insatiable hunger was the few moments that were required before each serving to sprinkle generous helpings of spice onto them.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Shane asked, noticing the untouched bowl of soup in front of Brent.

“Uh, yeah, yeah,” Brent replied, helping himself to the cold broth as he tried to convince himself that he had nothing to worry about.

It had been two weeks since Brent had seen Shane. During those first few days, he had been kept aware of his friend’s continued existence thanks to the slacker’s usual stream of memes and funny pictures being sent to his phone. However, the deluge slowly lowered to a trickle until finally stopping altogether.

Any concern the lack of communication brought to Brent was shrugged off. This was looking to be Shane’s first real job, so it made sense that he wouldn’t be able to mess around on his phones as much. The lack of notifications at random hours of the day had managed to make the office worker more productive in the process. Outside of business hours, he was given a chance to finally have some personal time instead of trying to job hunt for his formerly

unemployed friend. As much as he enjoyed the unexpected perks of Shane's new career, he still was wondering what had become of his friend.

Brent got his answer when he received a text from Shane inviting him over for dinner. The eagerness to catch up on Shane's work progress helped Brent to overlook the dread about having to once more maneuver through his friend's less than tidy apartment. Also not expecting much of a feast considering how frequently he had to treat for meals, he came prepared by bringing along a box of pizza just in-case. Assuming that he would be ready for anything, he knocked on the door and waited.

The sound of heavy footsteps inside of the apartment put a strange shiver down Brent's spine. A moment later, the door opened up to reveal Shane's smile, albeit stretched across a much pudgier face. Looking away from the friendly expression didn't help much as Brent was met with the sight of a white polo shirt trying it's best to contain a pudgy belly and set of man boobs that contributed to the at least 300 pounds of fat before him. Still trying to piece together the events that had led to the creation of the set of chubby butt cheeks squeezed into the pair tight jeans, it took Brent a moment to realize that he was being talked to.

"Woah, you must be really out of it," Shane said, bringing Brent back to consciousness by taking the pizza out of his hands. "I know you're a bit of a workaholic, but have you been getting enough sleep lately?"

Brent raised an eyebrow as he crossed his arms. "This coming from the guy that routinely wakes up past noon?" he asked with a sly grin.

"Not anymore," Shane replied, gesturing with his pudgy finger for his companion to follow as he waddled inside. "I've got an actual sleep schedule now. Have to keep up with whatever the boss wants for the daily work grind."

“That doesn’t sound like you,” Brent commented, amazed by how clean the apartment was. Any sign of a mess seemed to be quarantined to a corner with bags fit to burst with takeout containers.

“All part of the new me,” Shane proclaimed, putting Brent’s singular pizza pie amongst several other, much larger boxes. Reaching into his tight pocket, he managed to pull out another bottle of his special spice. Popping open Brent’s box, he proceeded to empty out the entire contents of the container.

“There we go,” Shane said after knocking out the last few sprinkles. “Now yours will be just as tasty as the others.”

Curious, Brent peeked open of the chubby man’s boxes. His eyes went wide as he saw that half of the toppings making up the pizza were sizable clumps of the spice. Already guessing that the other boxes contained similar combinations of grease, cheese, and questionable garnishes, Brent cast a wary gaze towards Shane.

“It’s all really good, so dig in,” Shane said as he helped himself to a slice. Finishing off the portion in a single bite, he wiped his lips clean to offer up one of the pizzas to Brent. “Better eat while everything is still warm. I can’t promise if there will be any leftovers once I’m finished eating.”

“Shane, this has to stop,” Brent said.

“Oh? Do you want something else? I think there are a few places that still deliver around here.”

“No, I mean what you’re doing to your body,” Brent said, pointing a finger at Shane’s gut. “Whatever that company has been doing to you, it’s taking a drastic toll on your weight.”

There was a moment of hesitation on Shane's face, but it was soon covered up by his usual, dumb grin. "Yeah, I guess I did put on a few pounds," he replied, jiggling around his gut, unconcerned with the greasy hand print he left on his polo in the process. "But I have to make sure the product is good for our customers. It's because of this that I'm able to do so well in sales. Hell, I've already gotten two promotions since the last time I saw you."

"Yeah, and you've gone up more than two sizes in the process," Brent bluntly stated.

Again, Shane stared at Brent. This time, he failed to readjust his demeanor. Instead, he looked on with an expression of betrayal. "What are you trying to say?"

"I'm saying you should quit that job before there's no going back. You keep this up and you'll need a forklift to get around."

A furrowed brow took away the cherubic features of Shane's face as he stomped towards Brent. "I know what this is. You're jealous."

"What?"

"You can't stand it that I'm not below you anymore," Shane accused. "I get it now. The only reason you kept trying to help me was to make yourself feel good. Seeing me actually succeed and carve out a successful career goes against your whole ideal of being better than me. That's it, isn't it?"

"You've got the wrong idea," Brent tried to explain. "I'm just worried that Gluttech is taking advantage of you."

"If that's what it takes to actually make something of myself," Shane said, bumping his belly into Brent, "then I'll do it. I think you should leave. You're making me lose my appetite."

"But I-"

Shoved back a few feet by Shane's gut once more, Brent realized that he wasn't making any progress. Rather than continue the pointless argument, he did as he was told and made his way back to the entrance. Right before he left out the door, he turned back to watch Shane working through his anger by scarfing down the greasy feast. Watching his friend throw his life away, Brent let out a frustrated huff as he stormed off. Slamming the door in his wake helped to cover up what sounded like a feasting herd of wild hogs coming from his former friend's apartment.

Another two weeks had passed and during that time, Brent couldn't stop thinking about his last interaction with Shane. That time had given him more than enough opportunities to reflect on how poorly their meeting went. Going over what he said repeatedly in his head, he couldn't help feeling like he had let his friend down. However, the elation he told himself he should be feeling about Shane's booming career clashed against the concern he had about the sizable amount of fat that had encased the slacker's body.

What Brent finally decided on was that if he was going to help his friend, he had to start by making up for their argument. Willing to be the bigger man at least metaphorically, he made his way back to Shane's apartment early in the morning. Feeling strange wandering towards the abode far before he expected his friend to even be conscious, he told himself that he needed to get adjusted to the new way things were. Telling himself that he should be happy with whatever opportunity Gluttech offered, he reached out to knock on the door.

Just as Brent was about to tap against the door, it opened up on its own. His knuckles didn't get the message as they continued to go forward. Breezing through the air, his hand

eventually settled on a pair of sagging pecs. Dragging down the drooping man boobs brought his fingers onto a trail of bristly, blonde hair that lead down the center of a gut. Stopping just before his fingers dove into the depths of the deep belly button, Brent took a step back to figure out what he was looking at.

The answer Brent got was that he was beholding 900 pounds of bare, blubbery flesh that had been shaped into the vague visage of a person. Looking at the exposed, girthy hips pressing up against the entryway, he felt himself grateful that said drooping gut was obscuring anything between the set of thick thighs. Forcing his eyes upwards, he saw the expected look of confusion on Shane's face. It was a similar expression to his own upon discovering that since their last meeting his friend had somehow outgrown him in both width and height.

"What are you doing here?" Shane asked, the question made harder to understand thanks to his huskier tone.

Reminding himself not to bring up the obvious weight issues, Brent cleared his throat. "I came here to apologize to you."

"Wait, really?" Shane asked, dragging his pudgy fingers across his ample moobs.

"Y-yeah," Brent forced himself to say, despite what he was staring at. "It was wrong of me to try and get you to quit your job. I should be happy that you're making a name for yourself in such a big company."

Shane let out a laugh that jiggled about his hairy gut. "Well, a big guy like me is a perfect fit for them," he replied, showing no hesitation in showing off his obese form through a series of poses.

“Hehehe, you go that right,” Brent forced out, trying to keep up the air of friendly atmosphere. “I guess I should also apologize for disturbing you so early. I must have caught you when you were getting ready for work.”

“What are you... ah I guess I haven’t told you. Would you mind stepping aside?”

Doing as Shane asked, Brent moved over. After a series of struggling grunts, the obese man managed to pull himself through the narrow doorway. Though for a moment it looked like his jiggling form was about to come crashing to the ground, he managed to keep himself standing. Wiping a bead of sweat from his forehead, he showed no hesitation in showing off his double wide rear to Brent as he turned back to the doorway and bent down.

“I’m actually going to have to cut our reunion short,” Shane explained as he clutched a briefcase in his hand. “I need to get to the office really early today for another promotion. They also said that I should wear my best attire. I couldn’t think of anything more fitting than my birthday suit. Think of the kind of impression it will make on the higher ups when they see the handsome hunk their products have turned me into.”

The immediate thoughts on Brent’s mind were stifled as he chewed on his lip. “Y-yeah, sounds great,” he said, watching as Shane waddled down the hall. “We’ll catch up against some other time. Good luck with the promotion.”

“Thanks man. Not that I need any luck with my skills,” Shane teased as he continued to stomp his way towards the elevator and doing little to alleviate Brent’s fears.

Brent had hoped that making up with Shane would mean that he would be able to hang out with his best friend again. Unfortunately, that was far from the truth. The messages and funny

images he had hoped to see never came back. Even managing to get in a word with Shane with a text was next to impossible. When he did manage to get some information, it was only to hear the same response:

“Sorry, I can’t talk right now. I’m busy.”

For weeks, Brent only had this message to ensure that his friend still existed. Attempts to visit Shane at his home either got the same response or none at all. Trying and failing the standard routes to get in contact, he settled on going to the source to find answers.

Stepping through the doors of the Gluttech main office, Brent had to take a moment to get over the appearance of the lobby. It was standard décor for an upscale business, save for each of the chairs in the waiting area being two times larger than usual. However, the main cause for concern came to him as he spotted the man sitting at the front desk.

“Excuse me,” Brent said, having to speak up to be heard over the receptionist currently chowing through a box of donuts. “I was wondering if you could get me in contact with someone.”

“Hold on,” the receptionist said, taking a moment to wipe his face clear with a wave of his pudgy limb. Threatening to pop his belly and sagging man boobs right out of his shirt, he used his rolling chair to gain access to his computer. “Who are you here to see?”

“I’m looking for Shane Skark,” Brent said, trying to ignore the way the man’s pants tightly hugged his hips. “He started working here a few months back.”

“What is your business with Mr. Skark?”

“I’m his friend, Brent Hadison,” he replied. “I haven’t heard from him in a while and I wanted to make sure he’s doing alright.”

The receptionist let out a husky chuckle. “Mr. Skark is doing more than alright. He’s currently in the midst of a meeting to get yet another promotion.” Pausing for a moment, he pulled out a handful of doughnuts and shoved them past his lips. “Makes sense considering how well he’s been doing sales-wise. Makes me wonder if I’ll ever get that big.”

“When will he be free?”

The receptionist shrugged. “After his meeting, he’s due for a lunch with the big wigs of the company. That should lead to their first dinner of the evening followed by a taste testing of our new products. It will be quite a while before Mr. Skark will be able to see you. Do you need me to pencil you in for some time in the next three months?”

Left awestruck by just how busy his slacker friend had become; Brent took a moment to think to himself. “I’ll get back to you,” he said, before turning away and walking towards the exit.

On the way to the front door, Brent’s eyes lingered on the Gluttech logo hanging above him. Even if he didn’t have any proof, he still couldn’t shake the feeling that the cause for Shane’s drastic changes were due to something shady going on in the organization. Looking over his shoulder to see the receptionist open up a new box of donuts, he realized that using the typical methods wouldn’t be enough to get to Shane. If he wanted to save his friend, he would have to dive into the belly of the beast.

The all too familiar buzz of fluorescent lightbulbs above Brent’s head managed to ease him into his new environment. All around him were fellow hires for the Gluttech new employee program. Thanks to the success of a certain up and coming salesman, the company had been in a

rush to get as many people as possible to keep up with their staggering growth. That made it a cinch for Brent to get in, even if it meant giving up something dear to him in return.

Brent's reminiscing of the career he left behind was interrupted by the heavy stomps echoing through the room. The source of the booming steps came from a man dressed in a suit that seemed just a few sizes too small to properly fit his blobby body. Rather than try to hide the way his moobs were caressed by the tight fabric, he freely let them jostle against his gut as he made his way over to front of the room. Reaching the desk, he cleared his throat and fixed his glasses before addressing the crowd.

"First of all, I want to congratulate you all for getting through the application process. Welcome to the Gluttech family!" the obese man announced with polite applause in response. "It is only through the diligent work of our employees that we are able to continue growing. I will be your instructor when it comes to the basic strategies you will be utilizing to sell our products. To begin, we'll start with allowing you to sample one of our most popular items."

A clap of the instructor's pudgy hands acted as a call for the people outside of the room to push in a series of food carts. Slowly waddling their way amongst the chairs, each of the fattened up office workers strained their blubbery limbs to quickly hand out platters of food. When it came to be Brent's turn, he was presented with a pile of greasy onion rings that looked fresh from the fryer. While he was getting hungry by just staring at the food, his appetite was suppressed as he spotted a familiar bottle get placed on his desk.

"Now, everyone should have received food alongside our main product, Gluttech Good Flakes," the instructor explained, holding up a bottle of his own. "These amazing bits have the ability to increase the flavor of anything they're put on. To demonstrate, please sprinkle on as much as possible onto your food. Then, you must eat until not even a crumb is left behind."

All around him, Brent watched as the other new employees did as they were told. A few seemed all too eager to completely douse their meals in the sprinkles up until they had emptied out their entire bottle. Very much aware that the additives might have been the root cause for Shane's weight gain, Brent was hesitant to leave even a single dash of the flakes on his food. However, in order to avoid letting his one chance to save his friend slip away, he hazarded to put on the bare minimum amount of the flakes to appease any of the higher ups that might be watching.

Once the onion rings were covered in a large enough helping of the food additives, Brent hazarded to take a bite. Despite his concerns, he was immediately driven into a feeding frenzy thanks to the power of the black and white specks. As much as he wanted to make a complete glutton of himself, the image in his mind of Shane's flab helped to slow him down. Unfortunately, that left him to be one of the last few to finish their meal.

"I hope you all enjoyed your first taste of the power of Gluttech's culinary technology," the instructor said. "From this day forward, you will be expected to use the flakes on everything you eat. That way, you'll never forget about the astounding abilities of our products. Before we continue, are there any questions?"

Brent shot up his hand. "When will get to meet the other salespeople?"

"In due time," the instructor replied. "However, at the moment we must ensure that your skills are honed to be on par with the company's standards. Any other questions?"

"When's our next meal?" called out one of the other employees.

"In about one hour. It should give us just enough time to go over our sales principals as well as a quick overview of the office's many food facilities."

If the month spent working for Gluttech had taught Brent anything, it was that he had severely underestimated his friend's abilities. The progress he made in trying to move products was glacial at best. While it was as simple as ever to sell things to repeat customers, the main way his worth to the company was gauged was by how many new clients he could bring in. Lacking the same laid back demeanor as Shane, he was still able to sell, but at a far slower rate than he was hoping for.

The lack in his performance was something Brent thought he could handle at first. After all, the entire reason he was working in the first place was due to wanting to track down his friend. However, he failed to account for the fact that the company placed strict security around the offices of their higher ups. By the way things were looking, it would be years, if not decades until he would even be close to reaching that far in the company.

In addition to wallowing in his own failure, Brent had to deal with the added weight he had put on during his time working for Gluttech. Sitting at his desk, he couldn't help himself from pinching at the bit of flab that was straining the limits of his shirt. Pressing a hand against his chest and feeling the extra cushioning around his pecs reminded him of the near endless feasting that was expected of him. The food tasted good, but he still couldn't ignore the way it made his pants start to strain against his hips and backside.

"Hey there... Brent, right?" asked one of his coworkers, breaking him out of his stupor.

"Yeah, yeah," Brent replied, trying not to stare too long at the man's massive man boobs barely contained by an undersized shirt.

"Are you okay? You seem a little out of it."

“Just having a little trouble getting things running,” Brent admitted, sliding his hand along his tie and bumping into his sagging pecs in the process. “I’m falling short of my sales quota by miles.”

“Hehehe, yeah,” the man said, jiggling about his belly like a bowl of gelatin. “It’s a common problem with our new hires. Sometimes it just takes a while for your sales skills to really kick off.”

“I just don’t get it,” Brent replied with exasperation. “I did fine at my last job. I even managed to win a few awards for my work.”

“Well, that was there and now you’re here,” the man replied, pausing to take a sip of a truly decadent cup of coffee that was close to overflowing with cream and sugar. “The same tactics won’t work. Want me to give you some advice?”

“I’ll take whatever I can get.”

“Well, besides putting on weight to stop looking like a twig,” the coworker said, poking into Brent’s chubby belly, “you need to re-think how you interact with the customers. The whole point of Gluttech’s products is letting people experience more indulgent lives. You have to grab on to whatever thing people want most and use that as leverage for the sales pitch.”

“Meaning...?”

“Simply put, give the people what they want,” the man said, taking a deep slurp of his drink. “Even if they don’t know it yet. Once you have that figured out, the products will basically sell themselves.”

“Thanks, I’ll try to put that to good use,” Brent said, mostly just to dismiss his coworker.

Just before Brent could dive back into a plan to possibly slip through the security doors with one of the higher ups, he was stopped by an alarm going off on his phone. With a groan, he

pulled out his desk drawer to retrieve one of the pre-made meals he had been given for the day. Just as she was about to take a bite of the sandwich with way too many toppings and meat, he recalled a crucial step.

Taking out one of the many bottles of flavor flakes from his Gluttech briefcase, Brent did his usual, small sprinkle on his meal. He stopped midway through his conservative garnishing technique to peek his head out and check the other employees. As expected, they were a lot more generous with their shakes to completely engulf their sandwiches. Some were even bold enough to empty out an entire bottle before starting their meal. While the sight of the ridiculous amounts being used were off putting to him, he realized that it held the true secret to locating Shane.

Closing his eyes, Brent kept shaking his bottle over his sandwich until he heard nothing come out. Looking at his meal and seeing the large amount of flakes that had engulfed the bread and meat, he took a deep breath. While the resulting bite was more delicious than anything he had eaten before, he realized what the after effects would be. Pushing himself through the meal, he tried to get his mind off of what would happen to his body by trying to think of a way that he could achieve his mission before he was turned into a massive blob.

Brent had hoped that his “makeover” would ensure that no one would be able to recognize him. However, there was only so much he could hide considering the way he drew the attention of everyone he passed at the mixer. Part of this was caused by the blue, collared shirt that was just one size too small to prevent people from seeing the way his chubby belly was sticking out from beneath it. Though he did manage to obscure some of his pudgy chest with the garment, there was little he could do about the way his pants kept sinking deeper between his

chunky butt cheeks with each step. With all of the eyes being drawn on him, it was only a matter of time before someone recognized his face past his chubby cheeks and extra chins.

“Brent?” called out a former coworker by the name of Janet. “Brent Hadison? What are you doing here? I thought you quit.”

“Uh, yeah,” he replied, trying and failing to make his portly form look presentable. “I figured I’d been with the company long enough that they wouldn’t mind another familiar face around here.”

“Well, the more the merrier,” Janet said with a warm smile. “How is your new job?”

“It’s going... alright. Although, I’ve hit a bit of a snag in my sales. Don’t worry, I’m still meeting my quota, but there’s always the possibility that I’ll slip behind everyone else.”

“It can’t be that hard,” Janet said. “Gluttech is a company with astounding growth. I’m sure that whatever they’re selling is easy to move along.”

Fidgeting with his chubby fingers, Brent seized at the opportunity he had been waiting for. “You’re right about that,” he said, putting a grin on his pudgy face. “Gluttech has actually given me a prototype product to show off. Would you like to see it?”

Seeing Janet nod and several other people beginning to gather around, Brent shuffled his way over to the food table. Taking one of the many pizzas that were on display, he produced a special bottle of flavoring flakes and sprinkled it across a slice. Handing over the garnished piece to Janet, she watched with bated breath as she took a bite.

“Oh, this is marvelous,” Janet said before taking a second helping. “All this from just those little sprinkles?”

“If you’re still skeptical, allow me to demonstrate further,” Brent replied, pouring out more of the flakes onto the rest of the pizza.

Once Janet had taken her second slice, other people in the group began to walk forward to ask for some. What started out as a tasting session turned into a full on feeding frenzy as everyone gradually learned the power behind the small shaker. Moving past the pizzas, Brent walked down the food line to sprinkle everything he could with the flakes. By the time he reached the end, he turned around to see that everyone's conversation had devolved into loud chewing noises.

Even after hearing what the people at Gluttech had told him about the enhanced version of the flavor flakes, Brent was still in awe at its effects. Reminded of how polite his former coworkers used to be made it all the more unbelievable to see them making complete pigs out of themselves. At that moment, he could feel his mind shaking from the bevy of opportunities that waited him. Turning his former coworkers into reliable clients would ensure that he would fall under the good graces of Gluttech's superiors.

Brent's sales pitch had to be put on hold as he heard his own belly begin to growl. Remembering that it had been several hours since his last meal, he relented in letting his appetite guide him over to the table. Making use of his bulk to gently nudge people aside, he dove into the tainted food to satiate his hunger and make his body more fitting for any upcoming promotions.

"I must say, you've really outdone yourself," announced the portly man as he waddled back and forth through the meeting room. Every few steps, he had to stop to fix his ill-fitting, food-stained suit, but it couldn't fully take down his jovial mood. "Thank to your connections with your former employer, we've been able to move products faster than ever." Stopping once

more, he plucked the black tie from the valley-like cleavage of his moobs. “No doubt it’s a combination of your charismatic salesmanship and your good looks.”

“Uh, thank you,” Brent said, scratching the back of his thick neck with his thick, sausage-like fingers.

While the supervisor continued to list off his many accomplishments, Brent couldn’t help looking at what his own indulgences had done. Bringing a pudgy palm down his sagging chest, he had to wonder when the final buttons holding his shirt together would finally burst apart. Having carried around a massive gut that made up the majority of his 900 pound form, he had gotten quite used to various clothing malfunctions. At this very moment, he was dealing with series of tears in the back of his pants created by the pair of enormous, chunky ass cheeks that were currently taking up the two chairs he was sitting on.

“That all being said,” the supervisor said, bringing Brent back to attention, “I believe we’ve hit a crossroads for your development within the company.”

“What do you mean?”

“It means that you’ve hit your limit in terms of what your position can offer you. We’ll have to think about giving you a career change.”

“Meaning?” Brent asked, his heightened anxiety allowing him to ignore the way the sides of his pants were pulled further apart.

“That I believe the time has come for you to meet our company’s higher ups, in-person,” the supervisor said, relieving all of Brent’s fears at once. “Starting today, you will be placed into our advanced management program. Congratulations, Mr. Hadison.”

“Thank you so much,” Brent said, pressing his stomach rolls into the table as he reached out to clasp his pudgy fingers around his supervisor’s hand.

“No, thank YOU Brent for doing your part for the sake of the company,” he replied. “It’s that kind of mindset that will be crucial for the next part of the process.”

“What would that be?”

“You’ll find out very soon,” the supervisor answered, finally ending the handshake that still left their bodies jiggling. “However, it’s best that your properly dressed for the occasion. If you know what I mean.”

“Yeah, I think I do,” Brent said, having mentally prepared for this moment.

Brent’s initial intention to merely take off his clothes was undone by the ragged state of the fabric. A few pops were all it took to get rid of the buttons on his shirt and let his sagging pecs hang out. Shirking off his dress shirt with a jiggle of his gut, he was able to properly show off the trail of black body hair that led from the massive moobs, gathered around the depths of his belly button, before leading down towards his groin. With his pants being ripped asunder with the slightest of prods from his fingers, his crotch was kept decent as his fat slumped down to sink between his thighs.

“Looking pretty spiffy in your suit,” the supervisor commented as Brent rid himself of the tie stretched around his thick neck. “Go ahead and waddle down there. There’s one person in particular who’s especially excited to meet you.”

Taking care to squeeze his hips through the set of double doors, Brent set off down the hall. Unable to hide his presence thanks to his heavy strides, it only took a few seconds for his coworkers to begin popping their heads out from the cubicles. Even after everything he had been through, there was still a bit of shame that lingered in his body from the act of having his nude form being out in the open. However, any lingering sense of humiliation was undone moments later.

Apparently having learned of Brent's promotion long before he did, his coworkers greeted him with cheers and confetti. Rushing out of their work spaces, the pudgy employees showed no hesitation in embracing his flab with a hug. Each embrace of blubber let it sink into him just how much larger he was than everyone else. Not only in terms of weight, but also height as he loomed over them all by a few inches. This left him in the perfect position to see the entourage bring out his gifts.

One by one, Brent's coworkers would step up to offer him various, congratulatory sweets. While they ranged from tiny eclairs to decadent cakes, they all had the similarity of being stuffed to burst with as many of Gluttech's additives as possible. Spending months selling the flavor enhancers he was well aware of what they had done to him, as well as his legions of loyal clients. Even so, he still took every opportunity to stuff his face as he slowly waddled his way towards his destination.

When Brent arrived at the heavily enforced doors, it was with dollops of icing and crumbs covering his body. As he busied himself with freeing a morsel from his chest hair, he looked towards the guard. With a nod of his cap, the hefty man slowly typed in the code to keep his pudgy fingers from typing the wrong number. After several tries, the door finally opened up to a long, metal hallway that seemed different than the rest of the building.

"He's waiting for you," the officer said, helping himself to one of Brent's misplaced crumbs. "Better not leave him waiting. I heard he has an amazing feast to share with you."

"Thank you," Brent said, waddling past the doorway.

As the entrance to the corridor locked behind him, Brent felt a sudden chill go through his body. Rather than the shiver come from the fact that he was naked, it sprung from the ominous aura coming from down the hall. Considering how many people he had made addicted

to the company's products and what he had done to his own body, he knew it was far too late to back down now. Waddling his way through the corridor, he came upon an enormous set of double doors and knocked.

"Come on in Brent. I've been waiting for you," called out a husky, yet very familiar voice.

As the doors opened on their own, Brent was left awestruck by what appeared to be a large pile of pale flesh placed in the center of a top class, personal office. Each ass cheek alone was larger than a standard person, although he doubted anyone would be willing to go around the pair of thick, hairy legs for fear of getting crushed. Like him, the figure was completely nude, with an enormous gut resting on the ground. Following the strands of blonde hair up the massive belly brought his gaze to a pair of sagging man tits that brought his own pecs to shame. So in awe at the sheer size of this mountain of meat, he failed to realize who it was until she saw a familiar grin past multiple rows of chins.

"Shane?" Brent asked, waddling closer to get a better look. "Is that really you?"

"In the flesh," Shane replied, proudly pounding a palm against his body to send tremors through it. "I know. My bod is more awesome than ever, but you're not far behind me in the looks department. Gotta say, you're pretty handsome with that birthday suit of yours."

"Oh, thanks," Brent said, putting on a wide smile, a side effect of becoming used to his obese form. "It took a lot of feasting to get this way."

"That's what I heard from the others. I've been keeping tabs on your progress. You've become a bit of a legend in the company. Especially with how drastically improved since your first day here. I wasn't sure why you quit your original job to come work here, but now I'm certain it was the best option for both you, and the company."

The mention of the job Brent left behind what felt like ages ago finally brought back the original reason he was working for Gluttech in the first place. “Where have you been?” he asked, pointing a pudgy finger towards Shane. “I’ve been here for months, and I haven’t seen any sign of you.”

“Sorry, I’ve been swamped with work,” he replied, scratching his head. “Especially since we’re about to implement a new business strategy that will shoot Gluttech to the very top.”

“What are they planning?” Brent asked, unable to hide his skepticism even after becoming assimilated to the company’s food and beliefs.

“Wish I could tell you, man, really,” Shane answered. “But, that info is on a need to know basis. You’ll learn more about it once you go through the final training needed to become part of the inner circle.”

“When does that start?”

“Very soon,” Shane said, sluggishly moving a blubbery arm to point towards a set of cushions placed nearby. “Just have a seat there and everything will become clear.”

Figuring that he was overdue for a very long discussion with Shane about the company they worked for, Brent obliged in shuffling over to the spot. Bringing his massive rear down on the pillows, he shifted back and forth to make himself comfortable. While the seating arrangement was nice, he was confused as to why there weren’t any snacks available. Considering how large Shane was and the typical routine of Gluttech employees stuffing themselves at all hours of the day, it was a noticeable oddity for such a luxurious office.

While Brent was swiveling about his thick neck in search of a single crumb of food, something from above came flying towards him. Firmly sticking around his chubby cheeks, the

helmet fastened itself to ensure that it properly fit around his fat face. Try as he might to pry the thing off with his fingers, the helmet was firmly stuck to him.

“Shane, what’s going on?” Brent asked, still trying to free himself.

“Calm down, bro,” Shane replied, his imposing figure showing through the lenses of the helmet. “You’ll understand soon.”

Brent’s view of his friend’s intense gaze was replaced with a series of flashing lights as the helmet turned on. Flying past his eyes at hundreds of images per second were visions of indulgent food, obese people, and scenes of excessive gluttony. As the pictures continued to flash by, his ability to move became hindered. Though his mind knew that something was wrong, his body refused to move. Rather than panic, what he felt was a sense of longing brought about by a series of hungry growls.

In Brent’s disoriented state, he had little hope of stopping Shane as he pried open his lips. As the larger man pushed a hose into his throat, his concerns were further suppressed by something pumping into his mouth. Though he tried to call out for help or plead for Shane to stop, he was muffled by a combination of the tube and the slurry of something thick going down his throat.

When Brent was forced to taste the liquid feast, something in him changed. His awareness of where he was and what was being flashed before his eyes was pushed to the background as he tasted a familiar flavor. Identifying the liquid as a concentrated version of the flavor flakes, he was able to put together an idea of what was happening. The fate that awaited him should he fail to resist the training program’s influence did little to convince him to stop drinking up the delicious slurry.

Settling into his position, Brent continued to contently guzzle down the gallons upon gallons of fluid that poured out. All across his body he could feel his flab shift and move the longer the feast went on. Time disappeared as he let his vision gloss over to let the subliminal messages fully engulf his thoughts. Over the course of his “training” two things took over his very being. One, that all that mattered in life was to be as big and gluttonous as possible. Second, that his main purpose for being was to spread the power of Gluttech across the globe.

Brent’s feast ended abruptly as the hose was pulled out of his mouth. Before he could call out for more food, he was further thrown off guard as the helmet was removed. No longer blinded by the visor, he was able to see the massive proportions he had gained. Though he was unsure of exactly how long he had been sitting there, it had been apparently long enough to transform his body into a mound of fat that had surpassed even Shane’s girth.

Easily estimating himself to be over a ton in weight, he used the sight of his bountiful flesh to get his vision straight. No longer hindered by the helmet, he was allowed to take his time caressing his blubbery gut and boulder-like moobs. Wobbling his massive rear back forth shook about the room and allowed him to feel inch of himself jiggle. Preoccupied with taking part in the strange pleasure of appreciating his impossibly huge self, he only became truly aware of what was happening around him once he heard his friend’s voice.

“I know you’re all eager to begin,” Shane said via a video screen spread amongst dozens of others, “but first I would like to introduce you to the newest member of the circle. My old friend, Brent Hadison.”

The roar of applause that came out from the video conference became filled with the pudgy slaps of meaty hands slapping together. Looking away from Shane, Brent was able to see that each member of the meeting was just as large as he was, if not larger. Their expectant gazes

activated the innate desires that had been instilled into him by his training program. Following his instincts, he put a warm smile on his pudgy face.

“Thank you all for welcoming me into the group,” Brent said, scrunching up his chins as he made a slight bow with his head. “If you don’t mind, I would like to immediately start talking about business strategy. I have some ideas to far surpass our sales target goals and ensure that Gluttech will reign supreme during the next fiscal quarter and beyond.”